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Clowns



i'm-scared-of-clowns

murder

creepy

79 2 5

Chapter 1 by Wolfato the Bunacado (Wolves4Days) - Inactive

It's 3 am. Your room is dark, but you can see that there is someone, standing at the foot of your bed. You can just make out that he or she is wearing a clown costume, and you are pretty sure, from the glare and the little bit of reflection, that it has a knife.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



You, being a sensible human being, shoot up. The figure doesn't move, save for its face. A smile.

Kind of a warm, gentle smile, really. It almost makes you forget that there is a total stranger standing in your living room. The glint disappears. So do you worry.

"Hello, Timmy," the figure says. An inherent sort of childlike joy weaves through his voice like the finest honey. You don't bother to ask why he knows your name, because he already had that bit covered for you.

"Remember when you wanted a clown for your seventh birthday?"

"I'm twenty one," you mutter, and for a second, you can swear his eyes turn an ugly red. But all is normal once you blink.

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